

Immigration: The Imported Orphan

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

*A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs*

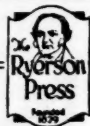


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### Foreign Affairs

AS a result of the events of the past month, there is at last a prospect of peace in Europe. Representatives of France, Germany, Belgium, and Great Britain meeting in London have arrived, by negotiation and consent and not by *force majeure*, at an agreement based on the Dawes plan, determining the amount to be paid by Germany, the methods of payment, and the modifications to be made in case of unforeseen economic developments. It has been agreed that French troops are to leave Germany within the maximum period of one year. It is true that these agreements have not yet been ratified by the parliaments concerned, but there is every hope that they will be. In addition, an agreement has been concluded between the representatives of Great Britain and Russia—indefinite in form, but which nevertheless marks an improvement in the relations between the two countries, paves the way for greater commercial intercourse, and may probably prove to be a forerunner of better relations between Russia and all the western countries whose co-operation is needed for her restoration.

THE very moderate satisfaction with which the acceptance of the Dawes plan has been received by most of the countries concerned is, perhaps, a sign that the agreement is not excessively in favour of any one of them. In Germany, the nationalists still hold that the burden imposed is too great, and that the Ruhr should have been evacuated immediately; but it is not likely that they will take the responsibility of preventing ratification of the agreement by the Reichstag, lest a general election should put them in a worse position than the present one.

The French Government has made what many French people will regard as two very great concessions—first, in admitting by its action that the large sums formerly demanded from Germany were impossible of collection, and, secondly, in agreeing to evacuate the Ruhr within a year.

HAD Great Britain or Germany insisted on a shorter period, it is probable that M. Herriot would either have refused to sign or that, having signed, he would have been promptly driven out of office on his return to Paris and succeeded by some one much more uncompromising. Hence the British Government, though still denying the legality or the expediency of the occupation, did wisely in confining itself to the expression of a hope that France herself would see fit to shorten the period. This she may be persuaded to do without any loss of self-respect if the bankers point out (as they are very likely to do) that such action will greatly improve the prospects of the reparation loan to be issued in a few months.

THERE are other grounds for hoping that the occupation may be short. The functions of the occupying troops have been reduced to a nullity by the agreement that they are to refrain from any further economic interference, while both Marshall Foch and General Nollet are agreed that their presence adds little if anything to French security. But the cost of the occupation is no longer to be charged against Germany in addition to her other obligations; it must be met, together with all other claims, out of a total which has been fixed, and therefore it is obvious to all that its continuance will reduce the



reparations to be realized by France. How long will she be willing to continue paying for this luxury? One other consideration may enter into the question. It has been calculated in France that even if Germany continues to make her payments without interruption for forty years, France's 52 per cent. will still be insufficient to pay her debts to the United States and Great Britain, while leaving nothing over for reconstruction.

**P**REMIER MACDONALD'S proposal of a further conference on inter-allied indebtedness has touched a responsive chord among French statesmen, to whom a reduction in the total of France's foreign indebtedness would be more than welcome. The atmosphere at this conference would be greatly improved if, before it opens, the French Government answers the accusation of militarism by voluntarily putting an end to the occupation of German territory. When this is done, Premier Macdonald will perhaps find parliamentary support if he renews the former British offer to reduce the total British claims upon Germany and France together to an amount sufficient to pay the debt of Great Britain to the United States, and even the United States may then be more disposed to make concessions.

**T**HE Anglo-Russian treaty is a miracle of compromise. While the Soviet Government does not withdraw its decree of January 1918 repudiating the debts of the Imperial Russian Government, it declares that 'by exception', and under certain conditions, it will satisfy the claims of British holders of pre-war national or municipal bonds acquired before March 16, 1921. The British Government, however, recognizes that Russia is not in an economic or financial position to pay these claims in full. Accordingly, there will be further negotiations between the Russian Government and the British bondholders, who will probably prefer half a loaf to nothing. When the negotiators have reached an agreement satisfactory to the holders of not less than half of the capital value of such claims, such agreement will be embodied in a further treaty. Commissions will also be set up to assess the value of British claims in respect of property nationalized by the Soviet Government, and in this case too, after an agreement has been reached, it will be embodied in a further treaty.

**A**FTER this latter treaty has been signed, the British Government will recommend to Parliament a bill to enable them to guarantee interest and sinking fund of a loan to be floated by Russia, but the treaty will not come into force until the loan has been guaranteed. The whole chapter on Russian debt and the British loan is a 'single and indivisible whole'. The thorny questions of the Russian war

debt, the Bolshevik counterclaims for damages caused by British intervention, and all other claims which have arisen between August 1914 and February 1924 are deferred to some future time. Great Britain receives 'most-favoured-nation' treatment in Russia and certain other advantages. It is all very indefinite and conditional, but it is not a mere shadow.

**A**S might have been expected, the Russian treaty has been denounced by Mr. Lloyd George, the *London Times*, and Lord Curzon. Yet it seems only to continue Premier Macdonald's policy of giving official recognition to indubitable facts. It has long been obvious that a substantial part of the Russian debt, if not the whole, would have to be written off; and it may be regarded as something of an achievement of the British delegates that the bankrupt debtor Government has now consented to pay any dividend whatever. It is not likely that the British bondholders will reject the opportunity of collecting any substantial part of their claims in the fantastic hope that they may in some other way succeed in collecting the whole of it.

**T**HE treaty will not come into force until ratified by the British parliament; and its peculiar form is interpreted by some to be a notice that the Dominions will not be bound unless they take separate action to ratify the treaty. It seems probable that Premier Macdonald will be supported by a sufficient number of Liberals to obtain ratification of the treaty by the House of Commons. The Russian Centrosoyus (which corresponds more or less with an English co-operative wholesale organization) celebrated the signing of this agreement by placing in England an order for agricultural machinery which will run to tens of thousands of pounds. We may hope that this will be only the beginning of a revival of trade by which Great Britain and Russia will not be the only gainers.

#### The Eight Hour Day

**T**HE struggle for the eight-hour-day has few spectacular features, and consequently gets little publicity. Few probably remember that its adoption was one of the general principles enumerated in the Treaty of Versailles for the guidance of the International Labour Organization, and that a draft Convention, adopted at the first International Labour Conference in 1919, limited the hours of work in industry to eight in the day and forty-eight in the week. Canada's representatives at that conference concurred in the adoption of the Convention, and it is interesting to survey the ingenious devices by which its application to our industries has since been evaded.



THE Draft Convention having been adopted, it was declared by the law officers of the Crown to fall within Provincial authority, but at the succeeding conference of Dominion and Provincial representatives in 1923 the inconvenient question was neatly shelved by an agreement that the Federal Department of Labour should make a general survey of the eight-hour-day movement and submit its findings to the Provincial Governments. Following a lively agitation for definite action, the genial Minister of Labour found it 'expedient' that the Convention should be referred to the Select Standing Committee on Industrial and International Relations for examination and report, and the Committee by a happy thought eluded decision by referring the obnoxious Convention to the Supreme Court of Canada under the Supreme Court Act. The proponents of the eight-hour-day are baffled, the workers are bilked, and it is small satisfaction to the public that their governors have demonstrated a finesse in the delicate art of 'passing the buck' that proves Canada's right to sit as an equal at the conference table of the nations.

OUR Government might at least be a model employer on its own works and those under its control. According to the British North America Act it has power over all such works as are declared by Parliament to be 'for the general advantage of Canada', and law officers of the Crown have frequently declared railways and waterpower works to be so. But the present policy of the Government even on its own works, is to conform to the hours prevailing in the district where the work is being carried on. Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, M.P., attempted to have clauses added to the report of the Committee on Industrial and International Relations recommending that the hours on Dominion works should be limited to eight in the day and forty-eight in the week, and further that the Government should submit to the House legislation declaring that such works as might be advisable should be considered 'for the general advantage of Canada' under the B.N.A., thus bringing more industry under Government control for the purpose of limiting the hours to those stated in the Peace Treaty.

MR. WOODSWORTH'S well-intentioned proposal was, of course, stepped on; for under such legislation there would be no valid reason why steel works subsidized by the Government, or enjoying Government contracts, should not be declared to be 'for the general advantage of Canada', and it might even be suggested that manufacturing concerns enjoying protection should be included. The question is one that the 'Ginger Group' might tackle with

advantage at the next session. In the meantime certain classes of our labourers still work eleven and thirteen hour shifts seven days in the week, and the Treaty of Versailles is treated with precocious contempt by the youngest member of the Family of Nations.

#### Conrad

SO there will be no more 'Conrads'. Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski was the only man who could write them. His sudden death at sixty-six has removed the leading writer of fiction in English since Hardy. Hardy stopped writing novels in 1895, and Conrad began in that very year. He went on steadily for most of thirty years, and ended with *The Rover* last fall, a quiet but beautiful conclusion. His greatest work was done early, *Lord Jim* (1900), *Nostromo* (1904), when it was little appreciated. Wider recognition came with *Chance*, a difficult novel, in 1914. He never became an easy writer. Most readers had to 'acquire' him. But, once acquired, he became a permanent possession. His place in the front line of English fiction is quite secure. *Nostromo* alone assures him of that. Of yet unpublished writings there is a collaboration with Hueffer which has been running in *The Trans-Atlantic Review* and an unfinished novel, *Suspense*. Conrad was not without international reputation. He had a strong following in the United States, which he visited last year, and several of his novels have been translated into French. The English took him quietly. His personality was somewhat inaccessible, and the endearment which more open-hearted writers enjoy can never have been his. But he saw himself honoured on all hands as a master, and there is no reason why he should not rest in peace.

#### The British Association

THE lectures, speeches, and tea parties are over, the headlines have subsided, and the British scientists have left Toronto for a brief western tour before they return home. Never before were so many venerable beards beheld on the campus; seldom has the city received so many guests of real eminence. The visitors have profited, we hope, by seeing (in many cases for the first time) what the 'colony' has achieved, not only in science but also in material progress. In return they have told us of their researches in language suited to the intelligence of the ordinary man, spread to a wide circle by newspaper and radio. The presence in Toronto at one time of scientists from Russia, France, Japan, Italy, and Germany, as well as from Canada, Great Britain, and the United States, has served as a reminder that the realm of science is as international as the kingdom of heaven. Perhaps the physical pre-

sence of the scientists in Canada may also help correct a vice to which we are abominably prone. When the newspaper prints in large type each casual utterance of a distant celebrity, he usually comes to be regarded, even by people who should know better, as a superior being whose words are not to be lightly controverted. When the celebrity appears before us in the flesh, and disagrees with the opinions of other equally hirsute celebrities, we may discover for the first time that he is also a mortal man and take courage. Great and deservedly famous is the 'British Ass'. May our better acquaintance with it help to dissolve our inferiority complexes and encourage our own workers for the advancement of science.

#### Carnival

**T**HE English, it is said, take their pleasures sadly, but Canadians even pride themselves on their solemnity and gravely proclaim themselves practical men of affairs unconcerned with the wasteful frivolities of others. But there are people unsympathetic enough to say that our vaunted commonsense is merely a lack of passion, our seriousness simply an incapacity for delight in life. At any rate, self-abandonment is looked upon askance by middle-age, and joy is considered scarcely respectable. But such an attitude cannot last forever, and there are signs that the break-up is approaching. French Canada, of course, has never been frigid, and for years has had the Montreal winter carnival and other fêtes, and now western cities are beginning to throw off the chilly spirit of Canadian culture. Their yearly stampedes, half fête and half pageant of the town's growth, are a vigorous native expression of the carnival spirit.

**I**T has remained for Oakville to show the lead in Ontario, which so far has been content with the carnival night at the National Exhibition and, under the holy cloak of advertising, with a cautious indulgence in an occasional Old Boy's Week. For the last three or four years, Oakville has held a mid-summer carnival. This year there were bands and street dancing, and a large part of the population, masked and in costume, for once forgot to be staid as they rollicked with friends and strangers with the free geniality of human beings. One onlooker said he had seen nothing like it outside Munich. This is excellent, and we hope other towns and villages will follow suit. There will be a danger, of course, that the movement will be captured by business, which is sure to foresee a rich harvest at the cost of a little 'organization'. That risk, however, is worth running to obtain public festivals. The free urbanity and delight of Carnival Week might prove the little necessary leaven in the lump and stir the whole community to fuller life.

#### Batten Down the Hatches!

**N**O doubt all parts of the empire should give one another the benefit of friendly counsel. So it was very considerate of Colonel Hatch, President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, to give the people of England some instructions on setting their house in order. The gallant colonel would abolish the open forum of Hyde Park. According to the cabled report of his address sent by Canadian Press on July 28th, the colonel, speaking in the name of the people of Canada, 'wants it stopped'. In vain might England plead that this ancient liberty is one of the things which distinguish her among the nations, and one which has often impressed foreigners from lands where repression is tempered by revolution. In vain might she plead her long experience that 'agitators' are far less dangerous when allowed to speak from the housetop—or the soapbox—than when driven into secret societies by the policeman. 'We want it stopped.'

**I**F the colonel had been speaking for the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, we might let it pass. Perhaps they agree with their President about 'vicious propaganda', and, anyhow, it is a subject on which they have expert knowledge. But who commissioned the colonel to speak for the government, with which he is probably not in the fullest sympathy, and the farmers, whom he rebuked some little time ago, and the workers, who are not likely to have chosen the President of the C.M.A. as their mouthpiece, and the rest of us, who do not remember to have been consulted when the Hamilton colonel set forth on his mission of enlightenment? Perhaps after all the colonel did not speak in the name of Canada. We offer this crumb of comfort to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, ere at the bidding of Canada he rings down the curtain on his socialist friends.

#### The 'Seven' and the 'Star'

**I**N an editorial of August 20th, the *Toronto Star* attributes the article, 'Canadian Pictures at Wembley', which appeared in our August issue, to the *Educational Outlook*, London. The *Star* uses the article as the text for a violent diatribe against the Group of Seven and all its works. Its editorial is clearly inspired by the hostility to the newer Canadian painters which still lingers in certain quarters. The fact of the matter is that this hostility is rapidly becoming out-of-date and ridiculous. The English notices of our pictures at Wembley have established the newer painters in a secure place. The more unintelligent the hostility, the more inept must be the expression of it, and the *Star's* editorial is couched in a style that will appeal to those readers whose critical faculty has been developed on its comic

strips. What the *Education Outlook* did say of the Canadian pictures is as follows:

The Canadian section of the pictures is very interesting. A small group, known as "the Seven", are attempting to bring into Canadian art a fresh spirit drawn from their appreciation of Canadian scenery. "September Gale," by Arthur Lismer, is quite a discovery in pictorial cohesion. The two best paintings, however, are by the late James Morrice. "Dieppe Beach" is a low toned painting showing strong French influence.

This comment, written for English readers and typical of the English press notices, shows that in the Old Country the work of the Group of Seven is taken as a subject for serious criticism. It is time for Canadians to stop partisan deriding and to begin to think and study a little.

### On Parliament Hill

by A Political Correspondent

THE project of a general election this autumn seems to have been definitely abandoned, but the master strategists of the Liberal Party profess grave misgivings about the wisdom of delay and may revive their pleas for an early plunge. While Federal expenditures have risen, revenues continue to show an ominous drop, and a now certain diminution of at least 175 million bushels in our exportable surplus of wheat means, as Sir Henry Thornton has already confessed, a grave operating deficit for the C.N.R. and an extra drain upon the Treasury. Therefore the thought of the construction of the 1925 Budget brings shivers to many Liberal bosoms, and indeed it will be a soul-stirring enterprise. Our Premier, however, is the happy possessor of a sanguine temperament, and retains a confident belief that he can reinforce his crew and pilot his rather leaky craft safely through the approaching storms.

\* \* \*

He has decided that he must adhere to his original plan of playing political Lorelei to the West this autumn, and therefore he declines to shed the light of his countenance upon Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's projected conference on the Commonwealth's internal machinery for the co-operative control of foreign policy. Apparently its scope has been greatly whittled down from the original programme of the British Government, and we are now merely to have a sort of preliminary exploration by departmental officials whereby data will be collected and analyzed to provide material for a grand assize at the next regular Imperial Conference. Meanwhile, I look for more wrangles and bickerings between Ottawa and Downing Street in order that Mr. King, the dauntless defender of nationalist rights, may allay in Quebec suspicions aroused by Mr. King, the assiduous wooer of the anti-protectionist Progressives.

(concluded on page 381)

### Immigration

#### The Imported Orphan

*The Department at Ottawa responsible for the care of juvenile immigrants publishes complacent reports of their supervision which the following analysis proves to be utterly unjustified. The British Government is sending officials to Canada to make investigations and developments will be dealt with in a later article.*

FROM time to time disquieting rumours reach this country from England which make it plain that there is a good deal of searching of heart among Old Country people as to whether our arrangements for looking after British orphan boys and girls are altogether what they should be. Little is said about this in the British Press, it is true, for the Press is exceedingly discreet in its criticism of what is done in the Dominions. With a self-control which certain of our Agents-General in London might well emulate, the men of Fleet Street refrain from hurting oversea susceptibilities in a matter on which they must necessarily write without full information.

But the fact that overt criticism is not made should not blind us to the seriousness of these rumours. It is not good that adults in one part of the Empire should feel any doubts about the lot of the children whom they send to be placed in another. The spiritual bond which is generally described by the ugly name of 'Imperial Relations' is one of the most valuable things of its kind that history has ever seen, and, apart from humanitarian considerations, for the strengthening or loosening of this bond the lot of the children is an influence which cannot be neglected.

How have we been discharging the trust which is committed to us when these children are sent here? Most Canadians, when this question is asked, are only conscious of an ignorance which may be deplored, but cannot quickly be remedied. Enquiries are at present on foot, however, and in months to come it is to be hoped that the situation will be competently surveyed: the more so since two British officials, one of them Miss Margaret Bondfield, are soon to make inquiries on the spot in this country on behalf of the British Government.

Pending the collection of information from some outside source, one thing at least is now possible. Without taking very much trouble we can review the statement of its own achievements which is made from time to time by the Federal Department of Immigration and hear it give evidence on its own behalf.

The annual reports of this department, like most publications of the kind, are slow to appear; but a long series of them is enshrined in the Sessional Papers of the Dominion Parliament, which he who



runs may read, Each annual report covers a large variety of topics, none of them without interest for the citizen. Here we are concerned particularly with the statements of Mr. G. Bogue Smart, Supervisor of Juvenile Immigration. It is not too much to say that they breathe an atmosphere of satisfaction with the work described, which, if it is well founded is most reassuring.

The safeguards with which the children are surrounded are fully described in Sessional Paper No. 18 (1922):

After arrival in Canada children are first placed out on approval with the distinct understanding that, if they are unsuited for the work which they were expected to do, they may be returned to the Receiving Home after reasonable notice to such effect has been furnished to the superintendent of the Home. A form is sent to each applicant which is filled up and returned to the superintendent, in which the work required of the child is stated, together with such other information as the society may require. A certificate as to the character of the applicant and members of his family is furnished by a responsible person, usually a magistrate or clergyman. This information must be in the possession of the superintendent of the institution before the child is entrusted to their care. A child is often sent out on trial, and if, within a reasonable time, he proves satisfactory, an indenture is entered into in legal form over the signatures of the home superintendent and the employer. The terms of the agreement necessarily vary according to the age and capacity of the child. It provides for an engagement covering a definite period, during the whole or part of which term the child is to be boarded and clothed and made to attend church and Sunday school and also a public school during the school term.

These arrangements call for little criticism. It is difficult to see what variation would give better promise. Less easily answered is the question how they are administered, but here again the news is reassuring:

The department has maintained as in previous years, a constant supervision and watchfulness in regard to the comfort and personal welfare of *every boy and girl* [the italics are ours] who came from Great Britain to Canada without parental escort or protection. The work is not performed spasmodically or superficially but continuously and as effectively as possible until the child reaches his eighteenth year or longer if necessary. It is only by maintaining this personal touch that the value of their emigration to Canada can properly be determined.

Notice this also. If the Department of Immigration is *in loco parentis* to the children, nevertheless, it seems, the Government of the Mother Country has not lost sight of them.

The Departments of Government of Great Britain concerned in the early care and training of these young settlers, and with whose sanction children are permitted to leave the Mother Country, do not lose sight or interest in them when they go abroad but follow their careers with a deep and almost parental interest until they are capable of managing their own affairs.

These assurances give added interest to the sta-

tistics with which the report of the Supervisor of Juvenile Immigration is abundantly supplied. We are told the number of children to be inspected, the number of inspections made, the state of their health, their average age and earnings, and a great many other interesting things. It is to be supposed that few of the tax-payers against whom the cost of these reports are charged analyze the figures presented with any care, but an analysis is well worth while.

The most recent report (Sessional Paper No. 23, 1923) states that there were, at the close of the previous fiscal year, 2,133 boys and 992 girls under inspection, a total of 3,125 children. The number of inspections made was 2,243, or 882 less than the number of children to be inspected. In a number of cases the same child was inspected more than once. Actually 1,961 children, 1,361 boys and 600 girls were inspected and reported upon by officers of the department, and 1,164 children, or 37 per cent., appear to have gone for twelve months without inspection.

The reports on homes and situations, state of the children's health, general progress at home and school, and character and behaviour are not very decisive guides, since the results are classified under headings such as 'good', 'fairly good', and 'unsatisfactory'—categories in which the element of personal judgment forbids scientific precision. But other statements are free from the personal equation.

It appears that the children below eighteen years of age earned an average annual wage of \$100.36, and those of eighteen years and over earned an average wage of approximately \$167.00—in the former case a little less than \$2.00 per week, in the latter a little more than \$3.00 per week.

More interesting still are the statistics of the previous year. The number of children to be inspected was 1,665. The total number of inspections was 1,645. Thus (neglecting the possibility that some children were inspected more than once) it is clear that in this year also there were a number of children who went entirely without inspection. The fortunes of some of these children are worked out in considerable detail, and these interesting facts emerge:

DESCRIPTION	NUMBERS
Absent when Inspector called	18
Whereabouts unknown	35
Deported	5
Died	4
Gone to the United States	13
Absconded	1
Returned to England	14
Gone to Western Canada	1
In Gaol	3
Total	94

Thus, in spite of the admitted inadequacy of the inspection, it is clear in the case of nearly one hundred children (about 6 per cent. of the whole

number) that their condition was, to say the least, unsatisfactory. The fault may have been with the children. In the case of those who were deported, we may conclude that it was obviously so. On the other hand it was hardly the fault of eighteen of the children that they were absent when the inspector called, and it is perhaps permissible to remark that the public will wonder why, under the circumstances, the inspector did not call again. The rubric 'Whereabouts Unknown' suggests a number of unanswerable questions.

It is remarked also that 'over sixteen' of the children (whatever that may mean—presumably about 1 per cent. of the whole number) had money in the bank. Since the conditions under which these children are placed represent an attempt to give them a home life in the country which has adopted them, it would be interesting if it were possible to compare this figure with the percentage of Canadian children, living with their own parents, who possess their own little bank accounts. We suspect, however, that it is a good deal higher than 1 per cent.

'The children are not only considerably treated', says the latest annual report, 'but all of them become part of the families and participate in the pleasures of the family circle.' Was it by sheer coincidence that within a short time of the publication of this complacent verdict two of these boys committed suicide, of whom one was clearly shown to have been the victim of his employer's ill-treatment?

The sudden revival of interest in the fate of immigrant children generally may be attributed without question to the shock of these two tragedies, but, had neither of them occurred, there would still have been reason for some disquiet. It is not a matter for self-satisfaction on our part that a Government Department, charged with a heavy responsibility towards childhood, should have been permitted to publish self-laudatory reports from year to year, which were in themselves, upon analysis, evidence not only of work well done (in the case of many children whose conspicuous success was pointed out) but also of work consistently neglected. The care of these children is a trust, and in the spirit of a trust it must be carried on.

#### Straws in the Wind

**I**F civilised nations are coming to the conclusion that you cannot extract wealth from another nation without doing irreparable injury to your own working classes, then we are arriving at an entirely new point of view in international affairs.'

MR. TOM JOHNSTON, M.P.,  
in the British House of Commons.

## Wheat Pools and the Co-operative Commonwealth

### Part II.

by J. A. Stevenson

*In August we printed an account of what has been achieved by the wheat pool movement in western Canada. Here Mr. Stevenson explores the further possibilities that it contains.*

**T**HE success of the wheat pool movement in the West is peculiarly timely, for it may dovetail very profitably into a wider plan, the possibilities of which are now being explored. Mr. Philip Snowden, during the preference debate at Westminster, intimated that an alternative scheme for the furtherance of better trade relations between the units of the British Commonwealth was in contemplation, and it was significant that representatives of the radical Glasgow group expressed their dissatisfaction with *laissez faire* Cobdenism and advocated the development of some constructive policy which would make available the vast resources of the Commonwealth for the improvement of the lot of the British workers. The Research Department of the Labour Party has for some months past been investigating the problem, and reached the conclusion that there are other roads to Commonwealth trade co-operation than the brand of Imperial preference, which will always be associated with the name of Joseph Chamberlain. Now, Mr. Mackenzie King has admitted that he is in possession of an invitation from the British Government to assist in the investigation of the problem of marketing overseas produce in Britain and has promised to appoint two Canadian representatives on the committee selected for this task.

Last autumn, Mr. King and his colleagues refused to participate in the activities of the Imperial Economic Conference which the Baldwin Government, backed by Mr. Bruce and Mr. Massey, proposed to set up for the examination of just such problems, but the bogey of Imperialist entanglements, which was available against the proposals of a British Conservative Government, cannot be profitably used against Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and rejection of the invitation was impossible. It will, however, be a profound misfortune if Mr. King selects for our delegates some fly-blown politicians, whose ignorance of the elementary facts of the problem involved will only be equalled by their lack of interest in it, for a great opportunity may thereby be lost. Apparently, the economic experts of the British Labour Party have in contemplation some plan of state control of the importation of food supplies with a system of public elevators and storage plants as a corollary. The basic idea behind the scheme would be the elimination of all the barriers and toll gates, which now stand between the producers of food and

its consumers and enable limited cliques of clever schemers who have obtained control of strategic points in the channels of transportation, distribution, and finance to exact an inordinate toll for their services. One inevitable corollary would be a rigid control of ocean freight rates and an end to such glaring scandals as the monstrous extortions of the North Atlantic Shipping Combine; if need be, the state mercantile fleets of Australia and Canada might become the nucleus of a Commonwealth fleet. Food supplies would be purchased direct from co-operative associations of producers in the Dominions, and the special machinery which might be set up to bring them to the British consumer without the intervention of the expensive services of a tribe of middlemen might easily enable such food to be sold at lower prices than the old system of distribution would have demanded. Heretofore, all schemes of Imperial preference have foundered on one fatal rock, the disinclination of the British electorate to countenance any fiscal experiment which would increase their costs of living and consequently of manufacture. But a plan which might simultaneously yield better returns to the producer, and better prices to the consumer—by no means a Utopian ideal—would meet with a different reception.

In the past, the sponsorship of schemes for the more efficient organization of the life of the British Commonwealth has been monopolized by the Conservative Party at their British end, and, disinterested as were the motives animating the best Conservative proponents of these schemes, they were never able to make any serious headway against the deep-rooted suspicion which a majority of the citizens of each Dominion, sprung as they are from a stock of dissatisfied British elements, originally driven overseas by unjust economic and social disabilities, have always cherished against British Toryism and all its works. But eggs from a different nest would be proposals emanating from a Labour Party which was free from all suspicion of class ascendancy and Imperialist designs, and their chance of acceptance in the Dominions would be infinitely greater. One of the deadliest blows dealt to the Tariff Reform cause came in 1909, when the Grain Growers Conventions in western Canada unanimously repudiated any desire for a preference for their grain in British markets on the ground that it was no business of poor western farmers, suffering themselves from the evil of protectionism, to encourage the Tory Imperialists of Britain in their plans to increase the burdens of the toiling British masses. But it can safely be prophesied that if the British Labour Government now put forward intelligent proposals to link up the co-operative movement in Britain with parallel

movements in the Dominions, our farmers will give them whole-hearted commendation.

The political reactions might be exceedingly interesting. Would British Conservatives, faced with the necessity of making good their professions of zeal for the overseas Dominions, lend their support to a plan which would probably involve a large measure of collectivism and might, if successful, give the British Labour Party a long lease of power? Would our Liberals, bemused with their passion for political nationalism and fearful of any sort of entangling machinery which might frustrate arrival at their door of complete autonomy, contemptuously reject all such plans and risk the alienation of large masses of the rural vote on which they to-day pin their fondest hopes? Would our Conservatives scent in the plan a stealthy approach to free trade within the Empire, and proceed to construct delaying obstacles? When it is recalled that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is also planning to grapple with the other difficult problem involved in the creation of genuine co-operative control of foreign policy by the different British communities, there is evidence that the Labour Party in Britain is fully seized of the possibility for constructive statesmanship in intelligent schemes for the better organization of the British Commonwealth, and their evolution may yet trouble many political waters.

For, year by year, it becomes increasingly clear that if the British Commonwealth is to retain the influence which has made it so powerful an instrument of culture and material progress, its members must decide to face the sacrifices and concessions which the efficient organization of its economic and political life will entail. If the very abundant volume of healthy idealism and public spirit available in the British communities could be mustered to break down the selfishness of vested interests and move boldly in the direction of a co-operative commonwealth, whereby the vast resources of the British territories could be adequately developed and their fruits made available for a general improvement in the material lot of their peoples, there might come to pass as healthy a form of international rivalry as could be devised. The United States, whose prosperity and economic power to-day fills the bosoms of many of our patriots with envy and alarm, could be left free to retain in its fullest flower the old individualist beggar-my-neighbour order of untrammelled capitalism, in the virtues of which the mass of the American people still retain a touching faith, and the British people could proceed to the organization of the co-operative commonwealth which a long line of their finest spirits, from Robert Owen to 'A.E.', have dreamed of and planned. Our western



farmers with their co-operative wheat pools have made a beginning at one end, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not idle at the other.

## Austrian Finance

by John Ellinger

*As the financial situation of Austria has been a subject of conflicting press reports, we present this authentic account from our Viennese correspondent.*

IN August, 1922, the Austrian crown had sunk to such a low level that the economic and political ruin of Austria seemed inevitable. It was in those critical days that Federal Chancellor Dr. Seipel, who was then, and is still, at the head of the Austrian Government, appealed to the League of Nations to save his country at the eleventh hour. The League of Nations, then a new creation of the World War, had for the first time an opportunity of proving its authority and usefulness. The delegates of all nations represented in the League met in conference at Geneva in the autumn of 1922, in order to deliberate with the Austrian Government by what means the Austrian state finances could be put in order. They worked out a plan of salvation which was to be carried out in the course of two years.

The execution of the Geneva programme, which was signed by the representatives of Austria, Great Britain, France, and Italy, on October 4th, was not an easy task. First of all it was indispensable to place considerable funds at the Austrian Government's disposition to cover the deficits of the two following years. For this purpose, Austria was granted an international loan of 650 million gold crowns, or 130 million dollars, to be paid back in twenty years, and a General Commissary was appointed by the League of Nations to control the use of this credit. In the terrible August days, when the decline of the crown created an unheard-of panic, everybody tried to get rid of the 'doomed' crown, but the Austrians, after the Geneva meeting, recovered their confidence in their own money, and the wild speculation in foreign currencies came to a sudden standstill. The result was soon clearly visible in the money market. The exchange rate of the dollar, which had gone up in August to 90,000 crowns, fell in September to 70,000 crowns, and has kept this rate ever since without any fluctuations. Parallel with the stabilization of the dollar in Vienna, the Austrian crown has been rated in New York, since that time, at the rate of 14 1/3 dollars for a million crowns. Thus, the Austrian crown is, outside the dollar, the most stable currency in the world.

But the aid coming from abroad was of no avail without being attended by active co-operation at

home. The Austrian Government had, up to the autumn of 1922, succeeded in removing the yearly deficit only by issuing uncovered bank-notes. This system had led to terrible inflation, which made our money more and more worthless. In order to check the depreciation of the crown, the printing-press, which had done so much mischief already, was stopped for ever in the middle of November, 1922. The next important measure was to balance the state budget. This could only be done by the old approved method of reducing the state expenditure and increasing the state revenue. The Government, accordingly, raised the taxes, which were paid so regularly that the estimates put up at Geneva were not only reached, but far surpassed. This proved that the Austrian population, though impoverished, was capable of making great sacrifices in order to help their Government to restore financial order. But to avoid over-taxation it was also necessary to reduce the state expenses as much as possible. Austria had, as successor of the late monarchy, inherited too large a staff of public officials. Among the 6½ million inhabitants of Austria, there were about 300,000 state employees, so that, taking their families into account, every tenth person was supported by the state. This inconvenience could only be remedied by about one third of the state employees being pensioned off or voluntarily leaving service. Up till now about 70,000 employees have been dismissed from active public service. Still more might be dispensed with if a suitable reform and simplification of the administration (on which several committees of Parliament have been working for months) were agreed upon.

At the same time when the note printing-press was condemned to inaction, there was founded a new bank of issue, called the Austrian National Bank, which, by strict regulation, is only allowed to issue notes when covered by gold security. The subscription for the shares of this bank having had an unexpected success, it was opened under very favourable auspices. The principal duty of the new bank was, at the outset, to defend the Austrian currency against all attacks from speculators. But though the Bank has made every effort to stabilize the crown, it has not dared to reintroduce the gold currency abruptly, being afraid that so sudden a change might be a great risk for our commerce and industry. So it has contented itself with issuing a new money unit, called 'shilling', a silver coin equivalent to 10,000 paper crowns, and subdivided into 100 stivers (stüber). In competent circles it is hoped that this new simplified coinage will become current without producing any confusion in the economic life of the country.

Austria will have restored an equilibrium be-

tween receipts and expenses in 1925, and so one of the chief points of the Geneva programme will have been attained. But the Government and the citizens have done more than that. For the amount of taxes actually paid in during the two preceding years being greater than had been expected, the whole of the credit granted to Austria has not been consumed, and a considerable sum is left for other purposes. The Government has asked the League of Nations to allow them to invest this remainder of the international loan in constructing water-power works in the Alps, in building roads and houses, and in aiding industry and commerce. The Council of the League, who held a meeting at Geneva in June of this year, did not make a definite answer to the Austrian petition, but postponed it to the next meeting in October. They meanwhile charged their financial committee to examine minutely the Austrian state budget, in collaboration with the General Commissary, (the Dutchman, Dr. Zimmerman) and the Austrian Government, and to report to the Council the result of their investigations. It is to be hoped that, in spite of this delay, the League of Nations will consent to the Austrian Government's proposal, by which a good deal of foreign money would flow into the commercial and industrial concerns of Austria and a great number of our unemployed might find profitable work.

Thus we see that the work of the League of Nations for the salvation of Austria, though it seems, so far, to have been successful, has not yet been brought to a happy end. Besides this, there are two circumstances which are likely to fill every Austrian with some misgiving for the future. They are: (1) the unfavourable trade balance; (2) the reparation question. The former is chiefly owing to the unsettled state of international relations throughout Europe. There is not yet a normal and regulated exchange of goods between European states, the nations feeling that, though the war has been over for six years, they must still defend their political frontiers

by economic isolation. But this unnatural attitude of the nations of Europe towards one another cannot last for ever; they will end by realizing that it is in their own interest to make peace with their neighbours on the economic field also. As to the reparations which were imposed on Austria in the peace treaty of St. Germain, they are part of the total amount of reparations to be paid by the so-called Succession States, that is, the states that have sprung up on the territory of the defunct Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Though the mortgages laid on the public revenue of Austria have been suspended for twenty years, the question of paying reparations has not been put off for any fixed term, but is a subject of constant deliberation in the Reparation Commission. Many people in Austria are wholly ignorant of the exact stipulations of the treaty of St. Germain, and are apt to imagine that the victorious states may not really claim reparations from such a poor and crippled country as Austria actually is now. But we are reminded of the serious state of affairs by the different interpretations of the reparation question on the part of Italy and Czecho-Slovakia. Italy has taken over very little public property from Austria-Hungary, but has a great deal to receive by way of reparations. Czecho-Slovakia, on the other hand, which had been in a state of war with Austria-Hungary only for a few days, has almost no reparations to claim, but, has on the contrary, large territories and a great deal of public property, taken up from the late monarchy, to buy out. It is easy to comprehend, however, that Czecho-Slovakia, being one of the victors, refuses to pay for these acquisitions, and requires these payments to be made by the defeated Austria, who, in her opinion, has to atone for the sins of the former empire. If the reparation commission should accede to this view and demand payments in ready money from Austria, her economic situation would remain extremely precarious for many years; nay, her definite reconstruction would be seriously imperilled.

### The Trend of Business

by Philip Woolfson, A.M.

	April, 1924	May, 1924	June, 1924	July, 1924	July, 1923
WHOLESALE PRICES <sup>1</sup>	173.9	173.8	172.0	.....	176.4
FAMILY BUDGET (Labor Gazette)	\$20.58	\$20.24	\$20.22	\$20.29	\$20.65
VOLUME OF EMPLOYMENT <sup>2</sup>	89.3	91.8	95.2	95.9	99.5
AVERAGE PRICE OF TWENTY CANADIAN SECURITIES <sup>3</sup>	89.5	88.7	89.2	90.7	90.2

<sup>1</sup>Michell. Base (=100) refers to the period 1900-1909.

<sup>2</sup>Employment Service of Canada. Base (=100) refers to September 1, 1923. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

<sup>3</sup>Michell. The following common stock quotations are included, among others:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumer's Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, Canada Steamships.

### Tokens

by E. J. Pratt

The sea was as grey as a wild goose wing,  
And the wind like the sea was grey,  
When the bell at the Cape was heard to ring  
At the fog-blown hour of the dusk of day.  
A wave was seen to rise in a shroud,  
A token had passed by the window in white,  
A voice in her room had called aloud,  
A robin had pecked at the fan-light.

And the call of the sea was heard  
In the wave and the shroud, and the warning  
That came from the wraith and the bird  
Was answered by morning.

A while before,  
When the sea like the sky was blue,  
They might have brought to her door  
The buttercup's gold,  
Or a token of cool red wine  
From a rose or wild columbine,  
As her children had brought to the door,  
When the father had died  
A while before.

But the winds that are true to the wastes of the sod,  
And to love that is spent in vain,  
Had stolen from the fists of God  
The last offerings of the fall—  
November foam and rain,  
And frayed leaves from a dying oak,  
And had spattered them on sill and pane.

### Teaching English in Grain City

by Millicent Payne

*The schools of the West, where New Canadians strive to improve their chances, are often scenes of a more moving struggle than their quarter-sections. This teacher has captured some of the humour as well as the pathos of that long conflict for mastery of new conditions and old prejudices.*

'**E**NGLISH' is one of the most elastic, and can be one of the most bewildering, terms in any departmental syllabus, especially when it relates to the work of a class whose year's effort is not to be terminated by an attempt at one of those much-discussed hurdles in the educational steeplechase—a departmental examination—and where, in consequence, some lee-way is left for 'the discretion of the teacher'.

In Grain City, the currents of thought fashioning the life of the pupils are more easily perceived than elsewhere because the essentials of life have not yet been thrust out of sight beneath the conventions

imposed in acquired wealth and a stable civilization. They flow from many unknown sources. Here in Grain Country, where differences of nationality are still sharply marked, and here in our class-rooms more than anywhere else, they must be so guided and directed that they shall unite into one mighty stream to flow—whither? What teacher can ever answer that 'whither'?

This strange whirl of converging and conflicting currents is lit by many a sunshine gleam of humour. And while we can do nothing but laugh at the unconscious malapropism of a girl who announces that 'Clive was dejected from Parliament', we smile with a touch of pity at the domestic touch of the first-year boy who misquoted Sir Walter Scott when he wrote, with a gallant attempt to prop a tottering memory,

The aspirins quivered in the shade.

For we remember that an aspen, or any other kind of a tree, is wholly unknown to some of the prairie-born who live 'in the country' and must wait perforce, to see trees, till they come to a town where tree-planting enthusiasts abound.

The modern touch—the Western touch rather—comes again when, using the vocabulary of his own experience, a boy, after reading *The Mill on the Floss*, declares in an essay that 'Stephen took Maggie out riding in a canoe', while a class-mate suffuses a more melodramatic atmosphere about that somewhat grey story by remarking that 'Tulliver threatened Wakem with a riding-quirt'.

Even the grammar lesson—to some teachers a barren and weary task—has its moments of revelation; and when Ted, whose hair, socks, and ties have lately displayed a fastidious immaculateness, is asked to parse the word 'love', and writes 'Love—proper abstract noun, very intoxicating', we begin to think that the education of susceptible seventeen must be well-supplemented outside the classroom. To the same class comes an elderly theological student, who makes up in zeal what he lacked in education before the realization of his vocation brought him from the industrial world back to school. His imagination at times leaps the years of grind ahead, so that we find 'who—Rev. pronoun' written prophetically, instead of the more usual abbreviation.

In a country where little leisure exists, and where practical problems absorb the attention of almost everybody, it is hardly surprising to find that such poems as 'Elaine', almost impossibly remote as they are from the experience of Grain City, are interpreted at times from a rather unusual angle. After reading the poem, one girl remarked scornfully, 'Say, she never died of love! She just stayed up in that draughty old tower too long and took pneu-



monia! She was just sick ten days!' And Bill, a general favourite with the girls, announced with the finality of first-hand knowledge, 'If she'd ha' loved him right, she'd never ha' croaked like that!' After that, it is quite what one would expect to find when, in an endeavour to encourage a taste for poetry, a teacher asks a class to bring whatever verse they have read during the week, so that the most popular poem may be pinned up, that the first contribution offered in all good faith is 'The Face on the Bar-Room Floor!'

One day a class listened with deep interest to the story of the perfidy of Lucius Brutus' own two sons, who plotted to bring back the Tarquins after their father had expelled the royal family, and were, for their treachery, condemned by him to die. The teacher piously thought that a real impression of Roman justice had been made, so unusually long was the ensuing silence; but her dreams were rudely dispelled when Alec (of both town and country) shatteringly asked, 'If those two young men grew up rich and idle, like it says in the book, wasn't that their father's fault?' She put up a vigorous defence for the parental difficulties of a man of state, but was hopelessly routed by the final shrewd—and how illuminating!—comment: 'Well, if their father was as busy as all that, he was a consul, and if he'd wanted, he could have got them a job as lictors and kept his eye on them all the time, because they'd have had to go everywhere he did!'

And then the talks on modern poetry. Unfailing is the joy of thumping out iambs, trochees, and anapaests on desks; and unfailing, too, the subsequent interest in endeavouring to complete, in correct metre, a verse of which two lines were first supplied. Mr. W. H. Davies has aroused a certain amount of comment, because it is his beautiful Nature verses which have been most used as they seem to make a more ready appeal. It is true that that same critical damsel who declared that Elaine died of pneumonia asked incredulously, 'Is that a poem? Is it in a book?' when 'School's Out', was read, with its unbelievably simple diction:

Girls scream,  
Boys shout,  
Dogs bark,  
School's out.

But when she tried to imitate that with a verse describing the close of school in Grain City, she found it wasn't so simple.

In this exercise, one New Canadian of Ukrainian birth distinguished himself. He finished writing long before the rest, and began to gaze about him with so satisfied an air that the suspicious teacher was moved to investigate. She found that with an

economy of words that well matches the economy of dollars for which New Canadians are remarkable, he had disposed of the clatter and confusion incident to the dismissal of eight hundred boys and girls in eight laconic words:

Bell rings;  
Students rise;  
Doors close;  
Noise dies.

'Can't you do any more?' she asked purposely, and the artist's answer came, positive and satisfying, 'There is no more to say'.

A girl, New Canadian also, one day shyly produced a contribution for the school paper, about Spring, beginning,

Oh, how pleasant the life is now!  
The Spring is here again!  
I can see her presence on the ground  
And feel it in the air.

Though shy, the poet was in earnest and said, 'I would like if you would give me a criticism', so, thus encouraged, the teacher pointed out the obvious fact that the second and fourth lines didn't rhyme, as apparently they were meant to do. 'Oh but, last letters are not much sounded in speaking, and it's alright if the words have similar sound in the middle'. It seemed an interesting theory. Anyhow, that poem is to be printed as written.

All efforts contributed do not always achieve publication—at least in the paper they were intended for. But they never fail to interest. Mike—all the Ukrainians not called Peter, are Mike—must be in love. He handed in one day a rapturous lyric, declaring

Then I last touched her hand,  
And my heart played like a band;

from which heights he soared even further, to the ecstasy of

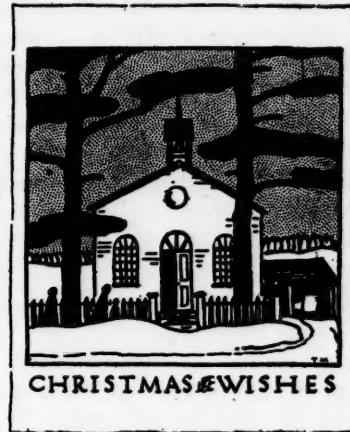
No glitters of rubies and gold,  
Wears she on her maidenly breast;  
But so rich is her bloom and bold,  
And so exquisite her rising chest,

till, finally, words failed him, and he concluded, with a 'pathetic half-line':

What can we ever compare,  
In the earth, the water or air  
To true love?

Here is real emotion, real observation.

It was a Ukrainian who epitomized the thought of Masfield's 'Laugh and be Merry' by writing, 'The poet says, Be cheerful, for merry heart acts like a good medicine'—to say the least an aptly quoted proverb; while British Charlie, who, at the beginning of the year, once referred wearily to 'that there *Ee-laine*' (and who delivers groceries on Friday and Saturday nights), made the penetrating comment that 'This poet takes life more serious



### Canadian Christmas Card Designs

As the artistic feeling develops in a people, they begin to work up the common material of their lives into art, and we see, among many other things, the ordinary pottery, the everyday dress, and street signs, and the printing showing distinctive national and artistic qualities. It is therefore good to note that leading Canadian artists have begun the designing of Christmas cards, aiming to give these bits of design that distinctive and picturesque character which they see and admire in their country itself. And it is, perhaps, even better to find that there are Canadian printers who have an artistic enthusiasm in printing and publishing these designs. We show black and white reproductions of a few of the many designs in 'The Canadian Artists' Series'. It is not possible here to give the interesting colours of the originals, many of which have hand colouring added to the mechanical printing.

than his poems seem to express at first'.

The necessity for work, hard work and continual, seems most firmly implanted in the minds of those who come to Grain Country from Central Europe, for, without exception, the Ukrainians missed the point when asked to put in their own words the thought of Mr. Davies' poem 'Leisure'. They all took it as an exhortation not to waste time, but, as (another) Annie wrote, 'he says we must not to stare and be lazy like cows, but we have all to work and do something while the time didn't pass away yet'.

### Down to the Shore of the Thundering Sea

by Edward Sapir

TAKE my hand and walk with me,  
For this too is a mystery,  
How love can in the fingers dwell,  
With interlocking silence tell  
Such yearning as the lips no clearer  
And the long embrace no dearer  
Told us the many days ago  
That were delirious and slow.  
Take my hand and walk with me  
Down to the shore of the thundering sea;  
Our passion will not cool away  
Under the lashing of the spray,  
There is no noise on sea or land  
Such words we may not understand  
As dream unspoken in the eyes  
Or rush up on the bosom's rise.  
We shall not tire of indolence,  
Hand in hand and sense in sense,  
Packing the empty day with love  
As straightly as the sun above  
Measures his arch from the dawn's chill  
To his flaming drop over the hill.  
So shall we do with surety,  
Casting pebbles into the sea,  
Then flinging our arms around the neck  
While the heavy breakers break  
And sing out passion's cradle song  
For lovers sleeping oh long and long.  
Come take my hand and walk with me,  
For what we do is mystery,  
Having the day made long and full  
And having the long day beautiful  
Without a reckoning or care,  
By the sea, sweet, by the sea there.  
Take my hand and walk with me  
Down to the shore of the thundering sea.

### Birds from an Attic Window

by H. K. Gordon

THE conditions in cities have driven the animals from our midst; and even many of the birds, although, on the whole, they are less affected by the works of man, find life impossible there. As brick and asphalt spread in an ever-widening circle, they retreat to still unbroken fields and marshes. The whip-poor-will may lag behind the exodus to haunt the outskirts, but the meadow-lark goes as soon as the meadows begin to be cut up into the first suburban lots. Only the interested few will miss the bittern, but everyone must regret the bobolink with his liquid bubbling song. These and a hundred more are gone, and they will not return.

But we can still be glad for the remnant who remain. In a great number of Canadian cities the planting and care of trees is taken more for granted than the drainage system. Apart from their distinctive beauty, they serve to attract and shelter those birds whose habits and temperaments allow them to thrive where there is no thick bush, where lawns must serve for fields, and where the quiet of the countryside has given place to an alien and almost continuous roar. Everyone, of course is familiar with the robin, the grackle, the oriole, the flicker, and the spring-time crow; but perhaps few realize that at least a score of species, some of which, like the thrush and cuckoo, we consider essentially wild and timid, frequent our cities every spring and summer. Wild birds seem to us strange and out of the picture in the city, and what we do not expect we do not see. Certainly many people who derive real pleasure from the songs and movements of birds on a country holiday would be somewhat incredulous if they were told that a day's loitering in the garden would show them almost as great a variety of species.

The bigger and more obvious the bird, the more incongruous seems its presence among or above the streets. Nevertheless crows will still form a rookery, even in spots closely surrounded by houses, where enough trees have been left growing thickly together. And if, like Little Johnny Head in Air, one dares to walk the streets gazing at the clouds, the number of hawks to be seen circling high overhead will be surprising. Some years ago I saw one alight with dignity on a slate roof, to slide ludicrously, with much flapping and scraping, into the gutter. From there he sailed away, vanishing in wide circles to seek his food in less disconcerting surroundings.

But of all the birds who visit the city, the gulls seem the most strange and alien. They often live



in closer relation to man than many a more companionable species, yet they remain aloof. Though they readily accept the hospitality of our harbours and greedily follow us about for what we may jet-tison from ships, they still regard us with fierce unfriendly eyes. Late one night in early spring I was returning with a companion from a long discussion in which we had settled our own and the world's affairs. It was the first warm night of the year and a full moon made the city strange and beautiful. Even the cindery lane we walked through was turned into a vista of soft lights and shadows. Suddenly, high over head, invisible in the silvered purple of the night, a gull dropped down his wailing questioning cry. It was as if he, looking down on the dark huddle of strange erections beneath, and one with a primitive and more enduring existence, had mocked us—secure in the knowledge that long after our futile creations had rotted like a fungus he would be floating on soundless wings above deserted shores. Not even the thundering voice of a storm sweeping over the roof-tops could have left a stronger impression of nature's patient and effortless supremacy.

It is in May and June, of course, that the birds may be seen most frequently in the city. For a few days or weeks they flit about the gardens and roadside trees before many of them disappear to quieter breeding places. It is strange how these visitors, seldom seen in the country save by careful and silent watching, cheerfully accept man in the towns and move about his dwellings with comparative boldness. Though the veery (or short-tailed thrush) can be heard any evening in June and July ringing out his clear silvery chime from thick-grown riversides or wooded hollows, to see him in these haunts is another matter. He is almost as invisible as his well-named cousin, the hermit. Yet in the city he flits to and fro among the garden bushes, indifferent to one's presence provided one keeps at a reasonable distance. His song, however, is softer and has a plaintive quality that is absent when he sings among the dark pines of a hillside. He seems a little oppressed and dispirited by the tumult and the crowding walls; but his notes are inexpressibly sweet nevertheless. This spring a veery made his residence in my neighborhood and morning and evening sang below my window. One day I heard him as I came down the street at dusk. Turning up the walk, I saw him beneath a syringa bush, not thirty feet from the pavement where trucks and limousines roared by continuously. Bunched together there in the shadows, with the feathers of his throat vibrating gently, he was apparently singing himself to sleep. He is the only veery I have actually seen in song.

There are a few birds as characteristic of the city as of the country and, even ignoring the sparrow, perhaps more so. Among them the oriole is the most vivid and arresting. This spring a pair had their nest nearby, and the male was forever passing the window, hopping and flitting through the branches in an ever-restless search for insects. He always seemed to choose the thickest clusters of leaves to perch in, peering out of them with a curious mixture of curiosity and caution, as if longing to see everything, himself unseen. But he usually betrayed himself in a moment or so by a sudden flitting, startling the eye with his bold black and orange colouring; and if he remained quiet for longer than usual, one would be sure to hear his whistle, brilliant as his plumage. Then he would be off to another perch. He was never silent for very long; all through June and July I heard him at almost any time of day. Then for a season he was silent and invisible. But now, in the middle of August, he is once more flitting back and forth whistling as he goes, though with something of his first zest left behind with the universal zest of June.

The oriole is characteristically a bird of the day. When the sun is pouring down through the elms and maples, his orange and black shine rarely among the green leaves, and he whistles most bravely in sunny June when the sap is still pulsing in the new shoots. The night-hawk is a bird of a different colour. He is seldom seen in the middle day, although he is not such a haunter of the darkness as his name implies. His times are dawn and dusk; he sees the last stars go and disappears when the increasing heat has dried the dew upon the leaves, to rise again when the sun is low in the west and remain on the wing till the stars come out once more. When the earth is in half-light, he quarters the glowing sky in erratic arcs and dashes—the embodiment of lawless motion. Even his wings beat an irregular rhythm, now fluttering rapidly for a few strokes and then at rest, then fluttering again only to break into a slower, longer, though still uneven flapping. Then as you watch him from an upper window where no chimney or tree top hides him from view, his swift dodging, this way and that and upwards and down, suddenly ceases. His head turns downward and, with wings half closed, he falls in a long magnificent sweep. Thirty, forty, a hundred feet he falls, and then, with a sharp 'zoom' from his tense pinions, checks as suddenly and zig-zags up to renew his aerial curvetings. And all the time, the air is pierced by his shrill *pweep*, a single strident note, uttered usually at slow and almost regular intervals as if to offset the rapid irregularity of his flight. On sultry nights he is a delight to watch, and the townsman may be glad that he has ac-

cepted the flat roofs for a roosting-place in lieu of the rocks and barren patches of the meadows.

But more characteristic of the city than any other is the robin—that bold and cheerful singer who receives too little attention because he is not rare. He is in every garden, running in and out of the borders, listening with cocked head for the movement of a worm beneath the grass, or collecting wet earth to line his nest while the householder does his watering. And his nests are everywhere—in the forks of trees, on the bend of a gutter under the eaves, on windowsills. In the country he is not nearly so frequent. Watch as you will, you are only sure of finding him about the farm steadings. He has adopted man, for the shelter and food which his ways afford, as an unconscious benefactor, and where man goes he multiplies.

And he is worth cultivating. Not that he has any very outstanding charm of manner—like the chickadee, for instance—or beauty of plumage. Even as a singer he is outclassed by a number of our birds. But he is such a debonair fellow for all his grave attention to the serious things of life—worms, nestlings, and his perennial quarrel with the grackles. It is only in the brief season when his family are all day clamouring for food that he does not find time often to perch on a roof or tree top to survey the world and relieve his happiness in song. It is, after all, his song which most endears him to us. Reminiscent of his second cousin, the thrush, but more robust and vigorous, it is a lasting source of pleasure—not only in the middle of March when he comes triumphantly heralding the spring, but through the heats of June and July, and again when autumn is approaching.

There is one aspect of his singing which is quite unique as far as Canadian cities are concerned. That is, as a chorister. If you are awake before dawn, when the streets are still almost silent and the first light is only beginning to lessen the darkness, you will hear one robin begin to sing. He pauses, perhaps, and two or three more join in. Then all at once, far and near, in every direction, a wild joyful chorus breaks out, as if a conductor on some high spire had vaved his baton to a host of waiting singers. It would be impossible to tell how many voices join in that ethereal concert—hundreds within earshot and beyond that many more. Only near at hand are single voices distinguishable. At a little distance the notes go ringing upward in a spontaneous and inexpressibly sweet confusion, an encircling wall of intense, pulsing sound. For a little while the joyous matins continue, and then swiftly die away as bird after bird drops out in search of food. There are bird choruses at dawn in nearly every countryside, but for this one, composed of

many hundreds of robins, the bird-lover—or anyone who loves an intense and beautiful expression of life—must come to the city. A strange paradox here and now.

### Still Life

by R. K. Gordon

Hilarity in a poultry yard, where 2,500 fowls were said to be drunk, resulted in the arrest of ——— on charges of violation of the Volstead Act.—*Daily Paper*.

Oh, Volstead, Volstead, you're to blame;  
For that great Act which bears your name  
Has many a poor lad brought to shame.

But what more sickens  
Is to see crime among our tame  
Ducks, geese, and chickens.

The silly birds sure meant no ill  
When, with enquiring beak and bill,  
They pecked and pried around the still  
And found the mash,  
Which drove them, in their first mad thrill,  
To cut a dash.

The hens around the barnyard fly,  
Or on their backs half-swooning lie,  
And towards the tender smiling sky  
Wave wanton legs,  
Their ardent thoughts exalted high  
Above mere eggs.

The ducks the maddening fervour feel  
Into each tingling, webbed foot steal;  
They did a dance would not appeal  
To maiden aunties.  
A harum skarum sort of reel  
Fit for bacchantes.

The still is gone, the place is bare,  
But fragrant memories linger there,  
And birdies, now on sober fare,  
Mope round and pray  
That fate will grant them one more rare,  
Daft, glorious day.

### Pagan

by A. J. M. Smith

Were I the Great God Pan  
I'd pipe so wild a note  
That every sober man,  
Were I the Great God Pan,  
Would laugh at Parson's ban,  
And caper like a goat:  
Were I the Great God Pan  
I'd pipe so wild a note!

## The New Theatre in the Old World

by Gladys Wookey

*A correspondent who has been exploring the European Theatre sends these notes on its most recent successes. The serious producers still seem to be affected by an ingenuous fondness for the macabre, but it is significant that over there at least the Little Theatres are dominated by great dramatists.*

ON the threshold of the Theatre there is still the graceful disillusion of social comedy, the *Comédie Française*, Maurice Dounay, and such a play as *Paraitre* lately presented in Paris. And need one go further? Wit divertingly scandalous, love, intrigue, a little politics to give a certain air of intellectuality. Melodrama, no doubt, but so perfectly costumed and coiffed! Such nuances of conduct; such gracious presence, ease of manner! These are true patricians, one thinks, for to act thus is to be, and is this not the *Comédie Française*?

This is what Paris enjoys most, for *galeries*, *loges*, and *fauteuils* are crowded every night in the week. And one must at least grant that this fills with distinction the place of the movies in America.

London perhaps likes its soup a little thicker. Drunken staggers, a prayer sobbed, some remarks on the life beyond; it has appreciated these for a whole season in *Outward Bound*. There is even the English duplicate of *Paraitre* in Somerset Maugham's new play *Our Betters*. It is the same story of the 'light-of-loves' of Upper Society—farceical, sophisticated; but its ending affords an eloquent contrast between French and English taste—if not morality.

An American woman of supposedly great charm and unbridled power has become duly incorporated in London society and is fast on the way to corrupt it, if not morally disintegrate it. For two acts, Maugham enjoys the subtleties of sex intrigue as thoroughly as the Frenchman. So much so that in the last act one is wholly unprepared for his woman's hasty remembrance that she is a disciple of G. B. S.! Overboard go farce, sophistication, and the American Cleopatra—whose younger sister is sent flying back to virtue and the Americans, God and My Own Country. Then our playwright dons the Shavian robe (though the voice is the voice of Ethel M. Dell) and bids us remember that the Anglicized-American must always be a menace to English morality since she lacks the ballast of duties and prejudices imposed by birth and heritage on her English sisters!

Somewhere in the end of his last act the Frenchman, equally sophisticated, but not capable of such artistic immorality, had frankly accepted himself and his world, shrugged his shoulders, while someone remarked, '*Enfin, espérons qu'avant dix-neuf cents ans on aura ramené l'amour à ses justes proportions.*'

But beyond the threshold there is another world

and, as one might expect, with but few inhabitants. To such belongs one of the earliest of the new theatres in Paris, *Le Théâtre de L'Oeuvre*—the Theatre of the Tapestries—as it calls itself, hiding in a small court off the Rue de Clichy in the centre of Paris. It is a theatre which encourages students and lovers of the drama and asks no favour of press or public.

Small, bare for all its vaunted tapestries, a curtain for back-ground, with a painted strip of perspective; for lighting, a lamp or so with two obvious spot-lights at the sides; for direction M. Lugné-Poe and, what therefore follows as a matter of course, acting of the finest. Here for thirty years M. Lugné-Poe has worked with his handful of enthusiasts, allying himself with the greatest artists who visit Paris. In fact Eleanora Duse herself often appeared on this bare stage of theirs which lacks the equipment of any American college theatre.

And the play? It may be anything from Ibsen to Georg Kaiser, but this theatre represents on the whole the more conservative element in the new phases of drama, preferring the classics of Tolstoi, Strindberg, and Shaw to experiments in monodrama and expressionism.

In early June they staged Ibsen's *Ghosts*. To be sure, it was Ibsen given with French intellectual-ity. For once one saw Ibsen acted by women who were thinking women, strong not only in charm but also in mind. One felt that, men and women alike, they belonged to Ibsen's world, would be at ease with him. And yet it was a French world, and it was curious to note that the success of the whole thing was enhanced rather than otherwise by their consistent trueness to their own type. An Englishman in the part of Oswald Alving would have shown his attraction to Regina, the domestic, with reserve, a conscious shamefacedness, but the Frenchman came far nearer Ibsen in his extraordinary interpretation of the frank open sensuousness of the cosmopolitan. His reserve he kept for an astounding picture of the ravages of disease, his mind going by degrees, imperceptibly . . . finally, the unexpectedly undramatic muttering demand for the sun—regular, inebriate, less and less clearly enunciated, more and more slithering into a slobber—and so out. It left all the emotional display for the mother—that tower of resolution which is overthrown before our eyes in a very tumult of tragic disorder.

Next door to the *Studio*, the *Comédie des Champs-Élysées* bravely ventures on an international programme, in honour of Olympia. Week by week it produces some of the more recent plays of each nationality, Czech, Russian, Italian, and so forth, under the direction of the Russian M. Pitoëff and his wife.



In honour of Italy, they presented Luigi Pirandello's much talked of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, which entirely abandons the form of a play, a decisive ending, and the attractions of scenery. Six figures of ranging height and age, clad in deep mourning, appear on a stage elevator and interrupt a rehearsal of Signor Pirandello's latest play. The visitors insist that their tragic story would make a greater play, and rehearse it there and then, even to its disastrous ending—death and despair.

The final curtain rises on a row of six sombre figures disappearing from view of the astonished company down the shaft of the elevator. Is it tragedy or comedy, they question? Perhaps merely an hallucination in black merging into the grotesque.

Capék is without doubt the Czech Shaw, and an entirely different matter, and, one thinks, a more successful play. After all, Pirandello wearied one. There was too much gesture, pantomime, and not enough plot to convey co-ordinated impressions. But *R. U. R.* is above everything else dramatic. It is boldly theatrical, and the famous Komisarjewsky of Moscow has created for them the most elaborate futuristic scenery and costumes to further its design.

Capék is without doubt the Czech Shaw, and given to ideas. But, both in Prague and in Paris, one felt that with him temperament overshadows reason; must one take him seriously when he has so abundantly that Slavonic feeling for theatricality; can create atmosphere, tense and colourful? Why not refrain from questioning his arguments—their soundness, originality—and be lost in this most stimulating world of his, of chemical calculation?

M. Pitoëff had his greatest success in Tolstoi's *The Power of the Shadows*, a Russian peasant play of crime and its encircling shadows which press to the abyss. Pitoëff not only translated the play, but staged it, designed the costumes, and played the leading rôle of Nikita himself. Jacques Copeau, the Max Reinhardt of Paris, lent him his theatre, *Le Vieux Colombier*, for the occasion, and one had the opportunity of seeing a great Russian play presented and interpreted by a great Russian director in the best equipped theatre of France. The details of the play are beyond words awful; an old husband poisoned for love of the domestic, theft, infidelity, an illegal baby crushed between two boards in the cave where the potatoes are kept—a general debauch of crime and of rival passions. And yet one forgets to be depressed in the warm flush of recognition that here is stuff of which drama is made. Great characterization, complex, subtle, convincing. Here is Russia, and the Russian peasant's mind, and beyond that Tolstoi and his sure sweeping grasp of a big situa-

tion. It is the study of Nikita's mind which holds one. Uncouthly gay, light of love, careless and irresponsible, with a streak of potential brutality that is fostered by drink; evil pushes him as far as it may. The taunts of the wife he hates, the whining groan of his old mother with her cringing love for him—these have their way to the uttermost, until in a frenzy he does as they bid and crushes the bones of his own little child.

This much is horror—and then the other extreme. A wild religious fanaticism sweeps him beyond our ken. Then in quietness the simple words of his pious father haunt him night and day. He repents. He rushes to confess everything. In a burst of generosity he takes the guilt of the others on himself, and Tolstoi leaves him with bowed head listening to the sublime words of his old father, an echo of eternal justice.

### The Bookshelf

#### The Continuity of Letters\*

by Herbert Davis

IT is becoming customary for English professors and men of letters, whose energies are largely given to lecturing, to present the public with a neat bundle of their lectures when they have served their time before a variety of audiences. And it may be that there is growing up among us nowadays a taste for volumes of collected lectures, similar to that for sermons in the 17th and 18th centuries. Our reviews are more and more overloaded with discussion of the style and value of these literary preachers who never fail to give us in print the very words that they uttered, including all the little introductory polite gestures and academic flourishes. It is of course generally pleasant reading, and lends us a clue to the personality of the writer which we would often not be without; but we cannot help wondering whether the future reputation of these collectors will be helped thereby.

It is ungracious, however, to begin a notice of Mr. Bailey's book with such remarks. For, in spite of his own fears that the rather high-sounding title needs apology, he does succeed in justifying it and in convincing us through those separate lectures of the 'continuity of letters'. There is a real unity underlying these various themes discussed at various times and places. These studies of Shakespeare's Histories, Don Quixote, Thackeray and the modern novel, Prometheus in Poetry, etc., are made by one who is never unconscious of the value of tradition and the force of continuity in literature and in life.

He seems to see all the great literature of the world as a noble road, serviceable and well-trodden,

\**The Continuity of Letters*, by John Bailey (Oxford, Clarendon Press; pp. viii+273; \$3.75).

across that stretch of country mankind has already traversed—a road courageously and patiently laid down by men who were afraid neither of heights and precipices, nor of the deep hidden places, but never wantonly seeking either. No less commonplace figure can suggest so well his idea of continuity. He believes that the greatest literature is always a mingling of the heroic with the ordinary; that it must always be part discovery and part rediscovery; that it must be a marriage of art and life.

The subject of one of these lectures, Don Quixote, provides him with a most admirable illustration of the two great elements which are mingled in human life, the heroic and the ordinary, the romantic and the commonplace—here revealed side by side in the clear light of Cervantes' essentially sane genius. A man of honour and common sense sufficient for the tremendous task of creating a Sancho, he succeeds nevertheless also in penetrating to the very centre of the heroic regions where he finds Don Quixote. In his healthiness of spirit most like Scott, he yet possesses at the same time an idealism of which Scott was not capable. But on the other hand he is entirely free from any of the eccentricity and extravagance of such a great novelist as Dostoevsky. He is classic in his 'centrality and sanity'.

In the lecture delivered before the British Academy on 'Poetry and Commonplace' all but the most youthful and naughty spirits will be won over to his point of view by the charm of his manner, his excellent critical judgment, and his evident quiet and sincere enjoyment of fine things in literature, as he handles the simple poems of Wordsworth, or recalls for us one after another some of the great commonplaces which thrill him more than all the other varied splendours of Horace, Pindar, Homer, and the great Hebrew poets. It is here that he brings out most clearly that the most valuable function of art is perhaps the rediscovery of old truth. For after all, the new, the brilliant and startling, most individual things in art are not for most of us those to which we turn back most often and most readily. Rather,

We used these things [i.e. the quiet sayings of ordinary truth] and find consolation in them, partly because our minds, so much weaker than a great poet's, are easily tired out and need the repose of old and accepted things, and partly because we are members of a community, the great family of all mankind, and we soon grow impatient with brilliant individualism and desire something that belongs to us all.

Such a sentence as this indicates the broad human basis upon which Mr. Bailey's criticism is built, and makes us realize that he is not merely making phrases when he talks about the marriage of art and life.

It is, of course, his suspicion that the young men of to-day are inclined to make too much of art, and

scorn the plain things of life, which gives to his book its slight bias in the opposite direction.

Originality and experiment [he says] are the salt of art's life, but we cannot make a meal off salt, and the defect of many of our contemporary poets is that they try to make their poems consist entirely of originalities of thought or, far more often, only of language, new tricks of phrase and new experiments in manner.

When he begins to praise Mr. de la Mare or gently chides Mr. Robert Graves 'as a boy who wishes to show he is not afraid of his maiden aunt' we feel what an advantage it would be if contemporary criticism was more often in the hands of men of letters rather than journalists. For the critics as well as for the poet, there is no greater danger than the method of journalism—'which, living on the moment and for the moment, is necessarily the method of the snapshot'.

There is no trace of that method in this book. It is the work of one who is neither parochial nor modern, but rather one of those free citizens of the great commonwealth of letters, who may always be known and recognized by the quiet serenity of all his judgments. It will appeal to those who prefer in a critic the qualities of sympathy and a wide understanding and toleration, rather than the inevitably narrower outlook of the enthusiast and theorist. It is ripe and mature, a product (if one may be permitted to say so) of the right sort of old age, so admirably described in all of Mr. Bailey's best paragraphs. It possesses 'the mellowness and sweetness of that which has long experienced both the storms and the sunshine of life'. It possesses

a peculiar reasonableness, tolerance, good humour and charity which is the reward of having lived long enough to see how many-coloured a thing life is, how much there is to be said on both sides of most questions, what a soul of goodness there is in things evil, what folly in learning, what weakness in power, what wisdom in folly.

### Saint Joan\*

by Margaret Fairley

NO one could have foreseen that Mr. Shaw would, in his later years, write a play carrying us back into a palpitatingly alive past, treating with serious, if critical, sympathy religious and national prejudices, compelling us to admire as a genius, and venerate as a Saint, the girl who was before all else patriot and soldier. It has never before been Shaw's method to carry us with him, although he has often lifted the curtain of reserve for a moment and awakened a positive response to a positive appeal. The death of the artist in *The Doctors' Dilemma*, the discomfiture of Marchbanks in *Candida*, have always been significant indications of what Shaw could do if he wanted to take his

\**Saint Joan, a Chronicle Play in Six Scenes and an Epilogue*, by Bernard Shaw (Constable; pp. lxi+114; \$2.00).

tongue out of his cheek.

And here in *Saint Joan* Shaw speaks out. We are not tantalized by any *volte face*. We can let ourselves go, as the author in wide variety of mood makes us intimate with the mind and life and reputation of Joan the Maid. Without glamour, but without anachronism, the problem of Joan as it was to herself and to her contemporaries becomes real for us. Of course similar problems of present day affairs are in our minds from time to time. Every age is intolerant of genius and of saintliness, and originality is always unfair game for hatred.

But on the whole the story of Joan absorbs us, and, in spite of all that we would expect of the author, it is as a unique tragedy, not as a typical experience, that the drama of Joan's life and death is unfolded before us. We are back in the past, feeling in turn the magic of Joan's appeal and the weight of the human forces that inevitably turn against her. For the first time Shaw shows us the wide range of his sympathy and the depth of his humanity, and we are reminded of Mr. W. H. Davies' remark, many years ago, to the effect that though there was difference of opinion about Mr. Shaw's head, there could be none about the greatness of his heart. In *Saint Joan* we understand the Maid, but we also feel with her judges and sympathize with all that is human in the Dauphin, Dunois, Warwick, Cauchon, and the rest. All through the play our sensitiveness to the spiritual values of life is quickened. We are at our keenest and best, and it is only real tragedy which can produce this effect. Joan's speech at the end of Scene V is surely one of the great things in English tragedy; and, indeed, at the close of each scene as the curtain falls we catch our breath at the intensity of the experience.

In the Epilogue, Shaw speaks, and we reflect. And we are left in a mood of exaltation. Who would have expected quite this? Yet how easy it is to look back and see how characteristic of the author it is.

### Hegel

*The Philosophy of Hegel, a Systematic Exposition*, by W. T. Stace, B.A. (Macmillan; pp. x: 526; \$5.25).

*The Value and Destiny of the Individual*, by Bernard Bosanquet, LL.D., D.C.L., (Macmillan; pp. xxxii+331; \$3.65).

Students of philosophy will be grateful to Mr. Stace for his thorough and painstaking exposition of Hegel's system. Probably no other class of persons will feel any similar emotion. The exposition is intended to be complete, and the author very rightly believes that 'no book with a similar purpose exists in our language'. The unsympathetic reader will perhaps venture to be ironical and assert

that at last Hegel has been completely exposed. Within his limits, Mr. Stace has done his work excellently. He has given us a survey of the whole system in all its astounding complexity and curious triadic uniformity. If we have doubt about the value of this rationalistic machinery, we shall find a friend in this expositor; for Mr. Stace seems to have felt occasionally that neither the most ancient nor the most modern schools of philosophy would fully subscribe to the Hegelian formula. The most important question to answer is whether that formula could really be made a key to the whole process of natural, social, and political development. By practically admitting that Hegel's philosophy of nature was hopelessly schematic and never valuable, his exposition extracts the nerve of our interest. The rather extravagant valuation of the logic then becomes almost a plea for mercy, implying that Hegel succeeded best where no utility can be expected. For various reasons Hegel must always remain an important landmark in history. So far it must also be important to know what he did, if only to understand how such a person as Karl Marx manipulated the famous dialectic of history. But the glory, whatever it was, has departed and apparently cannot be revived.

The memory of the late Dr. Bosanquet is still fresh in our minds. His work shows how it is possible to be a disciple without being an imitator. The so called British Hegelians may have been true to the spirit of the master, but they took little heed of the letter. To Mr. Bradley, another supposed Hegelian, we owe the deadly phrase about the 'bloodless ballet of categories'. The anaemic quality of Hegelianism was always a trouble to his later followers, and the British school uniformly attempted some transfusion of blood from the veins of empiricism and common sense.

Dr. Bosanquet's book, originally the Gifford lectures for 1912, has attained a second edition. The same honour has fallen to his *Logic*. In both cases, the reason is to be found in the new values which are introduced by giving to the Hegelian method a more vital and emotional quality. The most important factor in Hegelianism was the insistence upon continuity in development and what has been called the 'wholeness' of experience. On this basis his most effective disciples have laboured to overcome the narrow individualism which the eighteenth century exploited. From Bosanquet's point of view the essence of philosophy was this insight into a growth which overcomes separation and exclusion by continually moving from contradictions and oppositions into a new and wider synthesis. In Bosanquet's language the true individual is the union of distinct parts in a whole.



such as we find achieved in an organism. The ideal for practical life is this organic unity, and the world must be interpreted in the light of this idea as its final purpose and goal.

Many of the greatest living philosophers (though not by any means all!) would consider Dr. Bosanquet their master and these lectures are rightly estimated as one of the most important contributions to British philosophy.

### Canadian Verse

by Adeline Lobb

*Garden Grace*, by Louise Driscoll (Macmillan's in Canada; pp. 132; \$1.50).

*When Half Gods Go*, by Norah M. Holland (Macmillan's in Canada; pp. 124; \$1.50).

*Flame and Adventure*, by A. C. Dalton, with illustrations by C. A. Ferguson (Macmillan's in Canada; pp. 73; \$1.25).

*Verses for my Friends*, by Bernard McEvoy (Cowan Brookhouse; pp. 209; \$1.00).

*War Verses*, by S. W. Dyde (Printed at Kingston for private circulation; pp. 25).

*Blue Homespun*, by Frank Oliver Call (Ryerson; pp. 43; \$1.50).

One who puts his faith in averages, and attempts to value Canadian poetry according to the general level of the published collections, might well despond. But the reviewer rejects statistics and seizes hopefully upon the beautiful exception, sufficiently encouraged if among half a dozen volumes of verse he find—anything good at all. In the half dozen before us he has not been disappointed.

The first three are soon disposed of. It is an amiable trait to be fond of one's garden, but it does not make a poet. Miss Driscoll has a fine wholesome preference for the open air, and mentions cedars, larkspur, and wood thrushes with great enthusiasm, but she has not an eye that can pierce through the printed tradition to the eternal freshness of the thing itself. Neither has she even a moderately good ear. Three of the pieces have a fluctuating sweetness, *April Hour*, *Mid-August*, and *Iris*, but the rest are mostly echoes, and they are not melodious echoes. We believe, by the way, that Miss Driscoll is an American, not a Canadian.

The poems in *When Half Gods Go* are feebly derivative, without even the graces proper to the careful imitator, such as a cultivated taste or technical facility.

*Flame and Adventure* is a pretentious and strikingly unsuccessful attempt to voice the total impression of Life, Time, Fate, and The Universe in a single long poem. This is followed by a number of lyrical pieces, in which—just for example—the robin's egg is described as

This scrap of jelly which should be,  
Potentially,  
A singing robin in our tree.

We greatly regret that space forbids us to quote the entire poem.

We find many fine and pleasant qualities in *Verses for my Friends* by Bernard McEvoy. Bound in paper and heralded by the most modest of prefaces, it is yet a volume that any literary man might be glad to claim. The humorous and occasional poems which form the bulk of the collection are turned with unfailing grace and point, while the more serious verses, showing the same excellent sense of form, have a sincerity, an irony, or a pensive wisdom that make them genuine literature.

Mr. Dyde's *War Verses* contains at least two good poems, *The Way to the Holy Land*, and *A Choice*. There is promise among the others also, though he is prone to overestimate the effectiveness of a refrain.

But *Blue Homespun* is, to speak quite literally, a thrilling book. The title refers to twelve sonnets on French Canada; these are poetry, and such poetry as one does not meet with every day—nor every year. That it should be our own, now, in the infancy of our literature, is an event of large proportions. Mr. Call has that peculiar gift, shared by several of our contemporaries, of presenting planes and masses and 'values' with the painter's eye. It is well seen in *An Old Habitant*, where candle-light, the dark horizon, the shadow of the barn against the sky, together with foliage and space, stir of wind and stillness, build up in gradual completeness the mood of the old man who is one with autumn and twilight. It is exquisitely seen in the sonnet called *Blue Homespun*. Mr. Call has in addition that other gift, more rare among our contemporaries, the essentially poetic power of singing, not merely painting, his images. In *The Sugar-Maker*, he creates the sense of earliest spring in the air, the sky, the branches, and underfoot, and then tells how

from tin buckets filling fast to brim  
The dropping sap rang out like sanctus bells.

Each of the French Canada sonnets is accompanied by a drawing in pen and ink by Orson S. Wheeler, naïf but very pleasing. They are followed by some other poems, not quite equal to their fine quality; one wishes *Blue Homespun* had been printed alone. We rejoice, however, that it was printed.

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### Three Books of Memoirs

*Seventy-two Years at the Bar*, by Ernest Bowen-Rowlands (Macmillan; pp. x+401; \$6.00).

*Memories and Friends*, by A. C. Benson (Longmans, Green; pp. xiv+338; \$5.00).

*My Native Devon*, by The Hon. John W. Fortescue (Macmillan; pp. vii+258; \$3.25).

The story of Sir Harry Poland's seventy-two years at the Bar is the record of one who was the best Treasury Counsel of his time, who served his country in many other capacities with distinction and without advertisement, and whose comprehensive knowledge of the intricate profession he adorned is reflected in this memoir compiled by a *confrère* and life-long friend. The book reveals much of the development and modification of British law during the last three-quarters of a century, and gives interesting sidelights on the great legal pundits of the period—with the inexplicable exception of Lord Birkenhead. There are some good stories in the book, the best of which, perhaps, is that of the learned Baron Martin who was said to read nothing but law, but who was one day induced to read *Romeo and Juliet*. His sole comment was, 'A tissue of improbabilities from beginning to end.'

Mr. Benson's memories are as exact as his style. One is surprised somehow that they do not cover a longer period, and concludes that forty years at the desk is more ageing than seventy-two at the Bar. But for all that they will make pleasant summer reading for those who include the volume in their holiday luggage. The most vivid of the eighteen sketches in the book is that of Charles Fairfax Murray, an art collector little known to the world—an engaging figure, of quite different antecedents to most of Mr. Benson's admirable friends, and who probably stands out more clearly because of the peculiar interest his originality evoked. The portrait of Henry James is doubly revealing—'his tone, his gestures, his sympathetic alertness made instantly and abundantly clear and sparkling, what on a printed page often became, at least to me, tough and coagulated'.

*My Native Devon* is a small volume, rich in reminiscences of youth, that will find an honoured place on the shelves of many sportsmen. It is essentially an out-of-doors book, and, besides covering all branches of sport from salmon-snatching to stag-hunting, gives a realistic picture of the author's rugged, rain-swept land. Devon is still a sporting county, and the types that Mr. Fortescue so admirably and sympathetically pictures in their own peculiar environment are those from whom were recruited the ranks of the Devonshire battalion, which, when ordered to hold up the enemy advance in the retreat of 1918, carried out orders and was wiped out on its ground—colonel, officers, and men.

### Miscellaneous

*Early Treatises on the Practice of the Justices of the Peace in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries*, by B. H. Putnam (Oxford: The Clarendon Press; pp. viii+424; \$5.50).

Dr. Bertha Putnam has already placed all students of English history in her debt by her magnificent study of the enforcement of the Statutes of Labourers (1349-59). Her latest work is much more important, and the historical skill, the diligent scholarship, and the balanced judgment of her first book are here seen in ripening achievement. In a technical review it would be possible to point out statements with which we might be disposed to disagree, or interpretations perhaps doubtful; but here it is only necessary to say that Miss Putnam has not only added to her own distinctions but has conferred distinction on English history.

For it is a remarkable fact that one of the oldest and most characteristic combinations of layman and expert—the 'J.P.' and his clerk—has never had the honour of being selected by an English historian for full length treatment. Miss Putnam has not given us the definitive history, but she has taken up a section of it from the end of the fourteenth to the beginning of the sixteenth century and has traced the workings by means of a detached examination of the published and unpublished contemporary treatises on the subject. We are thus in possession of the theory of the 'J.P.' during an important period, and Miss Putnam has done a work which will at once take its place in English institutional history.

We sincerely hope, however, that Miss Putnam will not leave us 'in air'. The local justices are too important in British developments to remain without further study. The manuscript field as yet unsurveyed is extremely wide and we fear that a good deal of help will be needed. Perhaps it would be possible to interest the Selden Society in such work. Whatever the future, there is a serious obligation on English historians to assist in this work, as it is somewhat strange that, outside the necessarily short



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accounts of local justices in the larger histories of law, American scholars have been the most interested in them. First C. A. Beard's monograph of 1904 aroused some interest, but he worked from printed sources only. Now Dr. Putnam has begun scientific treatment, and is already aware of the mass of manuscript material. What is needed is a companion volume covering the same period and studying the justices at work. For it there is much evidence available, and we confidently trust that Miss Putnam will be able at least to assist towards its production.

We offer her our sincere congratulations on this new volume. It is worthy of the finest traditions of scholarship. She has added to her reputation, already secure among historians, and we can only envy Mount Holyoke in possessing such a distinguished teacher.

*Islam and the Psychology of the Musulman*, by André Servier, translated by A. S. Moss-Blundell (Chapman; 15/-).

This book is opportune. Through the mandatory system, Great Britain finds herself involved in the affairs of the Middle East to an embarrassing extent. Alongside her is her ally, France, who has always desired to carry Gallic culture to the southern and eastern shores of the Mediterranean. During the post-armistice years, in their treatment of the Arab, the two nations have diverged. Great Britain has given scope to the ambitions of hysterical enthusiasts such as Miss Gertrude Bell and Colonel Lawrence who are obsessed with the past greatness and the present virtues of the Arab. France has taken the line of standing no nonsense.

In this volume the French point of view is admirably set forth. Two-thirds of the book are devoted to the history of Islam. M. Servier proves to his own satisfaction that although, under Musulman domination the remains of Byzantine, Greco-Latin, and Persian civilization showed a beacon to the world, it was in spite of, and not owing to, the cult of Islam, 'that sole secretion of the Arab mind'. He boldly declares, and this no one who has lived in Arab states can deny, that there is no art and no science arising from the Arab. Sedulous copyists and boasters of past glories, they are incapable of coming into line with modern-day thought. The dampening influence of their religion does not extend to the more lightly Islamized people. M. Servier considers that the presence and rule of the Turk is necessary in the Middle East to provide a bridge between this essentially savage nation and civilization. The book raises a point of view that must be considered by anyone interested in the politics of the Middle East.

*The Canada Year Book, 1922-23: official statistical annual of the resources, history, institutions, and social and economic conditions of the Dominion* (Dominion Bureau of Statistics: King's Printer, Ottawa; pp. xxviii+1038).

Thousands of people have worked to gather material for this book: we prefer not to estimate how many, but the list includes customs officials, crop correspondents, immigration officials, trade union secretaries, managers of industries, railroad, banking and insurance experts, treasury officials, school teachers, reporters of prices, seven or eight hundred observers of the weather, and all the municipal clerks in Canada. As a result of the co-operative efforts of this goodly fellowship, organized, arranged, and explained by workers in the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, we have this year the best statistical year book of Canada that has ever been produced—and it can be purchased from our benevolent government for one dollar. It is true that even after you have bought the Canada Year Book you still have to undergo hard labour to understand some of the figures in it. To have the facts is not quite the same as to know the truth. But you cannot reasonably expect to find the entire knowledge of the 'resources, history, institutions, and social and economic conditions of the Dominion' so fully predigested in a thousand pages that you can absorb it all without digestive pangs. However, the predigestion is well done.

There is hardly a section of the book which does not show an improvement over preceding editions. We note particularly in it the summary of the principal data from the census of 1921, the improved treatment of vital statistics (although it will take years of patient work to make Canadian vital statistics as good as those of the United States or the more advanced parts of Europe), the general outline of Dominion and provincial governments and the study of parliamentary representation, the treatment of wages and prices and public finance, and the comprehensive list of government publications. There is a select bibliography of the history of Canada which we should like to see greatly enlarged and supplemented with the bibliographies of special subjects (such as public finance, constitution and administration, immigration, banking, transportation, the tariff, studies of the history of specific industries, etc.) which are now treated in all-too-brief explanatory notes. These suggestions are not made in a querulous spirit but with appreciation of the hard and careful work which has already resulted in such great improvements, and in the hope that the Government will not be deterred by difficulties of administration or finance from continuing to raise the standard of this indispensable publication.

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CANADA

*The Legacy of Rome*, edited by Cyril Bailey (Clarendon Press; pp. xii+512; \$2.50).

A sister volume to *The Legacy of Greece*, which has already been reviewed in our columns. *The Legacy of Rome*, in a series of essays by various hands, attempts to make some estimate of our debt to Roman life and thought. The table of contents is in itself an interesting commentary upon what is vital and permanent in the legacy of Rome; and, contrasted with the table of contents in the sister volume, it reveals at a glance the difference between the claims which two great nations make upon us. For here we read of empire and administration, of the great legacy of law, of the opening up of paths of communication radiating from Rome to the farthest outposts of the empire. It is a world in which the Anglo-Saxon feels himself at home even when he sighs for that other world, the Greek world which must ever be beyond his reach.

The essays are so admirably written that it would be almost invidious to mention some to the exclusion of others. But Mr. Henry Bradley's chapter on language is perhaps the freshest and finest in the book. Mr. Mackail writes as feelingly as ever on the subject of Latin literature, though on page 329 he seems to make the strange error of speaking of Galen as a Latin writer. A solid, grave, substantial people, masters of compromise, apostles of civilization, they substituted for the Greek ideal of beauty their own cult of utility and power; and the message which these admirable essays convey to the modern world is that which Virgil summed up in a few magic lines:

Let others better mould the running mass  
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,  
And soften into flesh a marble face;  
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,  
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.  
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway  
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,  
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;  
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;  
These are imperial acts, and worthy thee.

*Makers of Science*, by Ivor B. Hart (Oxford; pp. 320).

This is one of the many excellent works on the History of Science produced under the inspiration of Dr. Charles Singer of University College, Oxford, who contributes an introduction. It differs from most of these, however, in attempting no original point of view and is, frankly, merely a chronological account of the more important developments in the Mathematical, Physical, and Astronomical sciences, beginning with the Ionian School and ending with Einstein. It is not to be supposed, however, that the book is, on that account, of little value. On the contrary, it fills a very great need on the part of those who are attempting to induce the students in our Universi-

ties to interest themselves in this most important branch of the history of our race.

Those who have attempted this task, especially with less mature students, have been much hampered by the lack of texts which may be recommended for the purpose of giving a comprehensive and connected, yet not too technical, account of the historical development of related groups of the sciences. For those who have already acquired a considerable knowledge of the sciences there are many excellent books available. Mr. Hart has written for the less mature student. He has used the biographical method, but with considerable skill, for while the interest is thus easily maintained, the stages in the evolution of the sciences are readily followed.

Quite properly, we think, the 17th and 18th centuries receive fuller treatment than the earlier and later centuries. Excellent accounts are given of the fundamental experiments on which the great discoveries have been based and the diagrams used to illustrate principles are well chosen. One notices some omissions; the work of Torricelli and of Cavendish is, for example, barely mentioned, but the book will serve its purpose excellently.

*A Cure for Souls*, by May Sinclair (Macmillan's in Canada; \$2.50).

The manner and scope of this book are reminiscent of *Mr. Waddington of Wyck*; it is a brief, satirical, almost delighted study of one contemptible character. The comparison, however, reveals the superior finish and economy of Miss Sinclair's later work. No one discusses or explains Canon Chamberlain; he merely lives, moves, and has his wonderfully consistent being in his perfect vicarage and garden. The conversations with his curates are masterly, and a specimen sermon (on *Work*) is interpolated without comment at the most telling juncture. Nowhere is a line blurred or drawn too heavily in this brilliant sketch.

#### Books Received

*Our Senate Problem and Its Solution*, by T. A. Patrick, (Privately printed. Yorkton, Sask.; pp. 19).

*The Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance*: reprint from *Journal of the British Institute of International Affairs*, March, 1924, (Richard Clay & Sons; pp. 82; 1/-).

*The High Romance*, by Michael Williams (Macmillan; pp. 406; \$2.75).

*Brief Drawing*, by R. C. Ringwalt (Longmans; pp. xii+214; \$1.50).

*The Taking of Helen and Other Prose Selections*, by John Masefield (Macmillan; pp. 169; \$1.90).



On Parliament Hill  
(Concluded from page 359)

I imagine that the inevitable adventures in Cabinet reorganization will await the result of the five by-elections now pending, and will be planned in the light of their revelations. How long can the farce be continued of keeping upon the active list and the national payroll a Finance Minister whose regrettable but hopeless valetudinarianism is a matter of common knowledge and a Postmaster-General who has not been in the Commons Chamber a whole week during the last two sessions? I understand, however, that our P. M. G. has devoted a portion of his long convalescence to the composition of some arresting character sketches of Cabinet colleagues and a merciless analysis of some of their more obscure performances, and I am assured that if these *obiter scripta* are ever published they will make a most valuable contribution to the political literature of the age. Few observers of the political stage at Ottawa will not regret the departure of Mr. Murphy, for he has always been a blithe and vivacious spirit in a rather dull world and his administration of his department was a welcome oasis of efficiency in a desert of incompetence and mismanagement.

The candidature of Sir Eugene Fiset in Rimouski has produced some diverting episodes. Throughout the war Sir Eugene served as Deputy-Minister of Militia and was wont to proclaim to all and sundry his own zeal for the Allied cause as a thing of happy contrast to the miserable indifference of his racial compatriots. When conscription was introduced, his departmental colleagues found that their ardour for its rigid enforcement paled its ineffectual fires before Sir Eugene's zeal, and, by all accounts, there was no more unsparing critic of the laggards of his own race. Last autumn, worn out in health through his vast exertions for the promotion of victory, Sir Eugene retired upon a comfortable pension of some six thousand odd dollars. But Rimouski is a dull place after Ottawa, and now, after a period of leisure, he re-emerges as Liberal candidate for his native constituency. The Conservatives welcomed his advent because obviously the enrolment of so illustrious a conscriptionist as Sir Eugene among the parliamentary bodyguard of Mr. King made more difficult a repetition of the 1921 campaign against Mr. Meighen for his part in the conscription controversy. So Sir Eugene has hastened to explain that he never believed in conscription, that he had enforced it under the orders of stupid and tyrannical politicians, and that he had secured many exemptions for deserving compatriots. But in the local Liberal camp there are alarming signs

of coolness towards Sir Eugene's candidature. Incomes of \$6,000 or even \$4,000, derived from the public treasury are rare prizes in Rimouski, and when the possessor of the first seeks to add to it the second, he lays himself open to the charge of shameless pluralism. Disappointed aspirants for the nomination have laid it at Sir Eugene's door, and it has been necessary for so august a person as Mr. Lapointe to proceed in person to the constituency and soothe the local murmurs by elaborate eulogies of his candidate. Sir Eugene ought to carry the seat, but I cannot visualize him adding to the aggregate morale of the Liberal Party at Ottawa.

\* \* \*

The troubles of the Progressives are not decreasing, and I doubt if even the projected National Convention of the Party will solve them. I would like to draw the attention of readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM to the progress of the Farmers' Union of Saskatchewan which, in July, held a very successful convention at Saskatoon. It is apparently a sort of agrarian Ku Klux Klan, for, although it does not boast of Imperial Kleagles, or parade by night in hooded robes, it has mystic passwords and other apparatus of the secret society. Fundamentally it is a revolt of protest against the complacent conservatism which has afflicted many of the leaders of the original graingrowers' movement in the West. My own experience is that, give an agrarian leader a salary in excess of \$3,000 per annum and immunity from farm chores, and he becomes the perfect type of Conservative. But this new movement seems to offer a welcome avenue of expression for the unquiet souls of Saskatchewan, who will be more numerous than ever this fall after a bad crop; it has swept through large areas like wildfire, and whole units of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association have gone over to it *en masse*. Its leaders—especially its President, a bellicose spirit called L. P. McNamee—profess a lofty contempt for politics and the parties which conduct them, and proclaim an intention of concentrating upon the industrial field, but I hear that their abjuration of political ambitions does not carry much conviction with anxious Progressive M.P.'s like Messrs. McConica and Carmichael whose constituencies are fertile hotbeds for the Farmers' Union.



### Trade and Industry Business Forecasting in Canada, I

by G. E. Jackson

THE subject of business forecasting, which was recently discussed for a whole session at the meeting of the British Association in Toronto, is one of the youngest children of the human mind. It is nearly fifty years since Stanley Jevons began the scientific analysis of business cycles; but although that great pioneer did make one prediction which was verified quite remarkably (he told the British Association in 1876 that 1879 would be a year of very severe trade depression) he was really far more interested in the problem of causation than in the problem of forecasting itself. Today, perhaps it is not too much to say that the problem of causation takes second place. There are any number of competent economists, scattered over a great many countries, who know that they know next to nothing about the causation of changes in business conditions—for that is the beginning of wisdom—and who have a shrewd idea that they will remain in the dark on this subject; that evermore they will come out by the same door that in they went. But while these men are content to recognize inevitable limitations of knowledge in this field, they are keenly interested in the question of how to forecast changes, and their work is done in the confident hope that they will forecast them with increasing success.

The pioneer in this later work is Professor Warren Persons of Harvard, who, had circumstances allowed, would have visited Canada personally this summer to explain his system. It is no disrespect to the other organizations in North America, which live by selling business forecasting services, to say that the Harvard Economic Service, which is largely Professor Persons' creation, is incomparably the best which is at present available. It is not, and does not claim to be infallible. It does not relieve the subscribing business man from the duty of thinking for himself. It has made mistakes, and will doubtless make more mistakes in the future. But it is founded on rigid scientific method, and on a series of hypotheses that can be verified empirically. It is the reverse of flamboyant. The business world of the United States is heavily in debt to the men who founded and maintain it.

Needless to say, the usefulness of a system which is intended primarily for Americans is by no means as great to the business men of this country. It is true that the general direction of change, towards or away from prosperity, is much the same over considerable periods in Canada and in the United States. But it is not sufficient merely

to know the general direction of change; the men in charge of large financial interests can no more afford to chart their course on the basis of 'general direction' than could a navigating officer afford to set and keep his ship's course by the 'general knowledge' that Europe lies east of America. Unfortunately for those Canadians who subscribe to American business forecasting services and live by their light, changes in business conditions do not as a rule synchronize exactly in Canada and the United States. Sometimes a given change which has occurred in American business becomes visible in Canada only after quite a considerable interval.

It is for this reason, among others, that we must sooner or later develop in Canada our own systems of business forecasting. There is nothing peculiar about the factors at work in this country; the same factors are at work everywhere. But the grouping of these factors is not the same in Canada as it is anywhere else; and the time within which a given reaction may be expected to occur in Canada is not necessarily the same as would be needed for the production of the same result under the same conditions in another country.

That we have not been the pioneers in these studies is natural enough. It is amazingly difficult to pioneer in the physical development of natural resources and in the forward march of mind as well. But though we have not been the pioneers in business forecasting, a number of Canadians have devoted much of their energy during recent years to making up for this deficiency. Two systems of forecasting, in particular, have recently been developed, which call for comment in *THE CANADIAN FORUM*. One of these is the work of Professor Michell, of McMaster University; the other we owe to the *Financial Post*.

In the coming numbers, during the fall of 1924, both of these will be considered in some detail. The detail is necessary, for, be it remembered, superficially considered one system of business forecasting is very like another, and it is only on detailed analysis that the significant differences appear. No system can be considered trustworthy that cannot survive such detailed analysis; no system deserves consideration of which details are not available, both to the business man who is making it the basis of his own forecast, and to the critic who would measure its usefulness.

Meanwhile the statistics illustrating the trend of business conditions, which were at one time a familiar feature of this page, are to be carried on elsewhere in this journal under the direction of Mr. H. Woolfson, who, as a student, was trained under Professor Warren Persons.

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